Let All Public-Spirited Citizens Sign This Petition.

And Defeat the Selfish Tactics of a Few Property-Holders.

Render Unto the People the Things that Are the People's.

Stuyvesant Park is a Public Square, So Let It Be Maintained.

To the People of New York City :

Information is brought THE EVENING Wonld that a little clique of propertyholders is scheming with selfish purpose to frustrate the movement to return Stuyvesant Park to the full possession of its real owners, wno are vourselves.

This is not a matter of mere local interes in the ward or assembly district. The question has grown to larger than neighborhood proportions. It touches the welfare of the entire city. It turns upon the principle whether there shall be rendered unto the people the things that are the people's.

There is no mistake about the facts. For thirty or more years the people of the east side have been essentially robbed of the use of Stuyyesant Park after sundown. It is in the evening hours that its lawns and pleasant walks are most inviting. And it is only in the evening hours that the hard-working population of this densely-populated locality are at liberty to avail themselves of this oasis

They have murmured for years against the arbitrary closing of the gates at sunset. But they have been told that Stuyvesant Park was semi-private property, and that they were lucky to be able to get into it at any hour of the day.

This is a false pretense, and its falsity has been clearly demonstrated. It remained for THE EVENING WORLD, in its work for the public weal, to explode this pernicious tradition of thirty years.

It has produced the original deed of good old Peter Stuyvesant, who gave the land to the people of New York for a PUBLIC SQUARE, and for NO OTHER USE WHAT.

There is in that deed not a phrase nor word upon which to hang the brazen pretense that private parties have any interest in that park. The generous and far-sighted donor explicitly states that it is to be maintained like Washington and Madison squares, open and free to the people. He distinctly insists that to maintain it otherwise consti tutes a violation of the deed of gift.

These are the plain and indisputable facts of record. It is not strange that their publication should bring forth a protest from the people against the closing of the gates at sunset. And this has not been an indefinite pro-A meeting of the residents of the district has been held. On a public platform the protest has been voiced by leading men in that district. Formal resolutions were presented and enthusiastically adopted without a dissenting voice, calling upon the Park Commission and the Board of Aldermen to take prompt action towards the opening of the gates. These resolutions have been laid

before the Park Commissioners. Moreover, the Board of Aldermen, acting in this instance in response to the public call and in furtherance of the public welfare, has unanimously passed resolutions requesting prompt action on the part of the authorities in the opening of the gates.

Besides, the Park Commissioners them selves admit the justice of this demand and profess their willingness to open the gates. Never did the people have a stronger case.

But the summer is passing away and the gates yet remain closed. The Commission ers have set Wednesday next for a public hearing. A clique of protesting propertyholders will be on hand. They hope by red tapeism and "influence" to frustrate the people's wish. They have so long had the park managed in their interest that they half believe they own it.

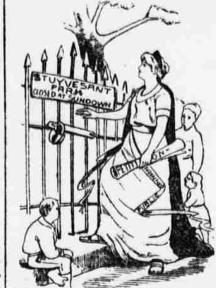
It will not do to underestimate the influence of these interested parties. To offset their claims the expression of the people's will must be EMPHATIC and OVERWHELMING.

In addition to the action of the Stuyvesan Hall meeting and the Board of Aldermen. there should be such a strong expression of public sentiment that not a vestige of doubt should remain as to the result. Realizing the importance of the principle involved, THE EVENING WORLD has prepared the following petition. It should be signed by everybody having the public interest at heart, and especially by those residing in the neighborhood of the park. The petition should be signed, cut out and forwarded to THE EVEN-ING WORLD, by which it will be submitted to the Park Commission.

It will, of course, be clearly understood that there is no desire to attempt to coerce the honorable and public-spirited gentlemen who constitute the Park Commission into doing what is right in this matter. The purpose of the public meeting in Stuyvesant Hall and the object of the Board of Alder-

OPEN THE GATES! | men, as well as the object of this petition, is simply to present the people's case in the people of the people's case in the people of th

STUYVESANT PARK PETITION.



Whereas, Stuyvesant Park was given to the people of New York by Peter G. Stuyvesant for their use exclusively as a Public Square; and wherens, a large proportion of our citi-zens, by reason of their daily toil, are unable zens, by reason of their daily toil, are unable to visit the park except in the evening, we, the undersigned citizens of New York, respectfully request that your Honorable Board take action at the earliest possible date for the opening of the gates until at least 10 p. M., and also that arrangements be made without delay for the proper lighting and policing of said park.

Signed:

Residence

Residence.... IT MAY BE HOTTER.

This Comforting Assurance, with Promise o Rain, Comes from the Wenther Man.

Yesterday was about as hot, humid and uncomfortable a day as could well be imagined. but Lieut. Pursell, in charge of the signal station on the Equitable Building, greeted The Evenino World reporter with the com-forting statement that to-day bade fair to be

worse.

At yesterday morning's observation the temperature was 74 and the humidity 68.

This morning the mercury registered 71, and the humidity appeared to be 77 and increasing.
On the streets men walked with red and

perspiring faces, while handkerchiefs were crammed in between neck and collar to pre-vent the latter from wilting and falling in

Byronic negliges.

The atmosphere was hazy and a light fog hung over the harbor. Lieut. Pursell said that this condition of the air was due to the fact that it hadn't had a good bath recently and was filled with dust and the first effects of decoring vacatation. of decaying vegetation,
Two days of good storms would dispel this haze, and New York is liable to have them, for the storm centre is in the lake region to-day, and if the high barometer ou the lower Atlantic coast doesn't force it away it will

This rain will in no way lessen the tempera-ture, which is expected to continue high to make up for the cold of July and that of May, which was hardly offset by the heat of

June.

Lieut. Pursell also made a sort of prediction to the effect that the entire month of August will be marked by very high temperature, and called attention to the fact that the "black day" of August, 1881, which was caused by such atmospheric phenomena as exist to-day, was followed by the hottest month on record.

month on record.

STEVE BRODIE'S BAD BROTHER.

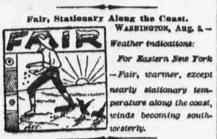
Tom Must Wait Trial for Stealing a Watch

While Steve Is on His Hofteymoon. Thomas Brodie, of 32 Oak street, brother of Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, who was married yesterday, was held in \$1,500 bail at the Tombs Police Court to-day for the larceny of a gold watch and chain, valued at

\$45, the property of James McCullough, a Buffalo tea merchant.

Mr. McCullough was relieved of the articles while in the City Hall Park at an early hour this morning. The stolen property was found on Brodies. found on Brodie.

The Toy Pistol and Its Fool Handler. James Hines, eighteen years old, of 101 East Sixty-fourth street, was held in \$500 bail by Justice on a charge of carelessly handling a toy pistol in East Seventy-third street, near Third avenue, whereby he shot Agnes Abberton, three years old, in the leg, inflicting a painful though not danger-eus wound. The could lives with her parents at



WASHINGTON, Aug. &

The Weather To-Day. Indicated by Blakely's tele-thermometer:

A Young Staten Islander Makes a Perilous Leap.

His Reason for Doing It He Refuses to Tell.

On the Bridge in a Truck and a Tug Below.

TAKEN FROM THE WATER ALIVE.

Passengers on a train crossing the Brooklyn Bridge from New York to Brooklyn shortly after 10.30 o'clock this morning noticed a young man wearing dark clothing climb up the railing on the south roadway, and after hesitating a moment, jump over into the river. One of the Bridge policemen also saw him.

out was too late to prevent the leap. They report that he rode over the bridge

on a truck. He was picked up alive by a tug and placed on board the St. John's Guild excursion barge going up the East River. Later the tug John E. Berwind put in at the Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn, and

the police were informed that they had on board a man who had jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge. He was badly injured, an ambulance was

sent for and he was taken to the Long Island College Hospital. There he was examined by the surgeons who found that his right shoulder was lace-

rated and that he was also suffering of internal injuries. He was very reticent, but they managed to learn from him that he was Matthew Byrnes, liveryman living at Port Richmond, S. I. He

gave his age as twenty-one, and said he was unmarried. Whether this is his true name and address is not certain, as they have only his word

He refused to tell why he made the leap. Byrnes is undoubtedly an athlete, He is about 5 feet 10 inches in height and has a muscular, well-knit body.

He was dressed in striped gray and black trousers, brown Derby hat and dark coat. He had on no vest. His shirt was a light one, with broad vellow

and blue stripes running around it. The trousers were supported by a belt, and his shoes were hand-made and unweighted. He evidently jumped for some other reason

shoes were hand-made and unweighted.

He evidently jumped for some other reason than to kill himself.

James Crawford, a brass-worker, of 775½
Halsey street, Brooklyn, was riding over the bridge to New York on a wagon behind the truck on which Byrnes rode and saw him throw himself off the bridge. He said:

"Getting off the truck the fellow hastily took off his coat and threw it on the truck, threw his hat on, the driveway and then climbed up on the large cable which supports the north side of the span."

"It was right in the middle of the bridge. The man walked along on the cable about ten feet towards the west, and taking hold of the guards which run about four feet above the cable, he stepped and looked around.

"Policeman Patrick Campbell Finn, who was on the driveway, saw him and yelled, 'Look out for the boats' just as the jumper waved his hand and threw himself into space.

"He descended in a sitting position, with his arms set against his breast, and turned over in the air twice.

"He struck the water right side up, as near as I could judge."

Byrnes was picked up by the tug Cheney, which was towing the St. John's Guild, a hospital boat, down East River.

When off Governor's Island he was transferred to Capt. James E. Maher, of the tug John E. Berwind.

He was shalling like a leaf when he reached the hospital, and wanted to be covered with blankets.

Officer James Brett, of the Bridge force, tried to catch Byrnes, but was delayed by a

blankets.

Officer James Brett, of the Bridge force, tried to catch Byrnes, but was delayed by a passing train until too late.

passing train until too late.

He says there were two trucks, a single and double truck, each driven by a single driver, passing along just as Byrnes jumped.

The single one was ahead, and the officer did not get the name of its owner, but the double one, he says, belongs to Howell & Saxton, Brooklyn.

Byrnes jumped about one hundred and fifty feet as the tide was dead low.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? About the time of the jump a young man rushed into THE EVENING WORLD office and told this story, which differs from the police

version:
A party of Boston sporting men, in a popular resort in Summer street at the Hub, talked of various matters of athletic interest, and finally took up the subject of jumping from high places.

from high places.

In the party was a young sprinter, who boldly proclaimed his belief that he could jump from Brooklyn Bridge without receiving any bodily injury.

This statement of the sprinter's belief in his own ability brought on a dispute, and finally a wager of \$500 was offered that the feat could not be accomplished.

The offer was taken and arrangements were

finally a wager of \$500 was offered that the feat could not be accomplished.

The offer was taken and arrangements were made by which the sprinter and a party of four men left Boston for this city last night. Arriving here, further details were completed. A tug was hired at the Battery and a truck was hired in the street.

Times were arranged for starting the tug around into East River and driving the truck across the bridge roadway so that the land and water conveyances would arrive near the jumping point at about the same moment.

The start was to be made at half-past 10 from the Battery, and a little later the truck was to be driven slowly upon the bridge.

Then the sprinter was to climb rapidly to a point from which he could take his perilous leap. He would be watched by the two men of the party who went in the tug, who would exchange signals with one another in the truck and would be ready to pull the jumper out of the water and get him away.

The fifth man of the Boston party stood on Dover street dock, to be ready for action in case of any unlooked-for emergency.

The man on the dock gave The Evening

Wonld its information as to the arrangements and the jump, and described the anxiety with which he watched the bridge and kept an eve out for the tug.

The arrangements had been carefully made in order that the jumper might be speedily picked up, got to shore and, avoiding arrest in New York, be taken back to Boston by the first train.

ing arrest in New York, be taken back to Boston by the first train.

But, the man in the dock says, that was a miscarriage or a misunderstanding of some sort—perhaps due to the hurry on the bridge in order to prevent interference by the At any rate, when the jump was made, the

At any rate, when the jump was made, the tug was still 200 feet away from the spot where the man struck the water.

The jumper went down like a flash and disappeared beneath the surface of the river. He came up alive and struck out feebly, managing to keep himself afloat until a tug came up and took him on board.

The plan had been for the tug, after getting the jumper on board, to proceed up the river, where the party would leave the boat and go at once to the Grand Central depot.

Reports of the event coming from other quarters leave the question as to the tug which picked up the man a little in the picked up the man a little in the shade, but the man on the dock insisted that the party's tug actually suc-ceeded in picking up the jumper, according to the programme.

BRIGHT BITS OF CHILD TALK.

Sayings of the Sages and Hamorists of the Future. . A lady was dining the other day in com pany with her little nieces, who are brought up very strictly. Mamma detected the youngest in the act of pocketing a piece of bread. "What are you doing, miss?" "Oh, mamma, it is so nice and new I want to keep it." "Keep it?" "Yes, ma, till to-morrow, to eat instead of the stale."

A Vonthful Infidel. I am the proud relative of a six-year-old terror, whose name is Georgie. Taking him with me to Sunday school Georgie listened attentively while the subject of future punishment was thoroughly explained to us by our teacher, and on the way home he said:

"How does Mrs. B. know so much about it, Auwe (Allie)? she's never been there, has she?"

ALEXANDERA MACDONALD.

Woodside, L. I., July 31.

Oxidized Tall Soup. Miss Fred when shopping one day a Bloomingdale's received the customary oxidized buttonhook and learnt to pronounce its name correctly. A few days after the family having oxtail soup at dinner they were surprised to hear that she refused her dinner, and at last brought out the fact to the no small amusement of those present that she did not wish to eat oxidized tail soup.

G. B. H.

A Sharp Observation. A young lady remarked to a fop the other day that his penknife in one respect resembled him. The ladies in the room com-menced guessing what it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who until now sat in one corner silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife closely he turned round and, in a curving manner, said: "Well, I don't know, unless it's because it's dull."

Remarkable Conduct of the Moon. Looking out of the window one evening, little girl saw the bright full moon in the easiern sky, and, apparently only a few inches from it, the beautiful planet Jupiter, shining simost as brightly as the moon itself. Gazing intently on them a moment she exclaimed: "Oh, papa, mamma, see! the moon has laid an egg!"

What Would Be Left.

"Now, my boy," said an examiner, "if I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry and two-twelfths to John, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud—loud, so that people can hear,"
"The plate!" shouled the boy.

A little boy was sent to a shop for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

A Difference.

"Come, come, my dear!" said an indulgent mother to her only hope, "the sun has been up this two hours, and here you are not out of bed yet!" "Oh, well, the sun goes to bed at dark, and I'm up till 10 o'clock," was the

The Bed Too Small. A five-year-old, visiting at the seaside and obliged to sleep three in a bed, narrated her dream which, being unfinished, she accounted for fully by not having room to dream the

A Window with a Clean Shirt.

Little Alfred Hopcraft came into the room where his mother has just hung up a clean curtain, and made the astute observation:
"Oh, ma, the window's got a clean shirt on!"

A Puzzier for Pa. "Pa, can a person catch anything if h don't run after it?" "Certainly not.
"Well, then, how did you catch the fever?

Where's the Exception? "There's no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh, isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he's being shaved!"

Detective Connersts Wifele Funeral Mary E. Connors, wife of Detective Connors, or the Eldridge street station, was buried this morning from her late residence, 241 East Thirty-first

atreet.

Many members of the force were present, including Capis. Crastdy and Webb, Sergis. Dablgren,
McSweeney, Cass and Freedman. The remains
were interred in Caivary. East Side Ball-Players Beware. A delegation of east side merchants visited In-

apectors Williams this morning and complained of the prevalence of rames of baseball on Third and Fourth streets, near First avenue. Capt. McCullagt, of the Fourteenth Precinct, was instructed to have his patrolmen check the

Allen Landlordism in Pittsbur ispecial to the evening world.)
Pittssung, Aug. 8.—The Chronicle to-day prints a long article on allen landlordism in Pittaburg.

Such property aggregates several millions. In three wards there are 10,000 building lots which cannot be bought.

stinging cold and glare and barrenness of the streets, thought he had never seen such a picture of vestal purity and tropical langour

picture of vestal purity and tropical langour and sensuous invary as Genevieve made. She greeted him quietly. He rushed impetuously to her, all his soul in his eyes.

"My darling! I am so glad to see you, although you are so cruel to keep me away as you do. Suppose I rebel and demand the right you have given me, Genevieve? Suppose I declare this farce must end and that the world shall know we are"

the time you announce such news it will not be true. I have positively made up my mind to sign the papers you had prepared a year ago, in one of your angry, jealous freaks." Her voice was soft, modulated to a key of

Accused of Unjust Discrimination by the Letter-Carriers.

Postmen Determined to Work But Eight Hours Daily.

They Make Reply to the Postmuster's Arguments-Ensy to Bring the Work Within Legal Hours-Charges of Favoritism Made by the Older Hauds-A Grievance as to Special Delivery Letters-The Removal Petition Largely Signed.

The letter-carriers and clorks of the New York Post-Office are certainly unanimous in their assertion that the new schedule fixed by Postmaster Pearson is not a just nor equitable one, in that it requires as many hours as formerly, although, they admit, the labor is lessened materially.

They aver that Mr. Pearson can, if he so desires, make a time-table that will give all an equal, or very nearly equal, allotment of hours, the working time not to exceed eight hours, and the whole time on duty not to ex oeed ten.
Mr. Pearson, in the "memorandum" which

Mr. Pearson, in the "memorandum" which he issued to the public, declares that the service must extend over a puriod of nineteen and a quarter hours out of the twenty-four. He says the present schedule has been arranged so as to give full service to the public, and yet he observes the law.

Carriers who have been consulted to-day differ with their chief on this point. A postman who has one of the most important routes in the General/Office boundaries, which extend as far north as Canal street, said:

"I am four hours on active duty on my route in the forenoon and then get a swing of two hours; then I have two hours more on the route; then another swing, and lastly

of two hours; then I have two hours more on the route; then another swing, and lastly two hours in collecting mail,

"Now, my parines on the same route is eight consecutive hours on duty. Will Mr. Pearson deny that we could not be assigned so that each man could be placed on duty and kept there eight consecutive hours?

"The trouble is -and that is the burden of all the old carriers' complaint—that the new

"The trouble is -and that is the burden of all the old carriers' complaint—that the new men get the short day in continuous work, while the old faithful men are required to work and remain about the office from eleven to fourteen hours.

The labor organizations have already returned thousands of signatures to the petition praying for Mr. Pearson's removal, and by Monday next 50,000 names of bona fide voters are expected to be turned in to Mr. John Blakeley, who has the matter in charge. These ley, who has the matter in charge. These petitions have been placed in downtown business places, and are receiving many sig-

patures.

Prominent business men of both political parties say that while the mail service is extremely efficient they do not think Mr. Pearson is treating the old postmen fairly.

THE BOBTAIL MURDER RECORD.

A Fight for its Production Expected at the Levy Inquest To-Day. Coroner Messemer resumes his inquiry into the cause of death of Mrs. Sophia Levy to-day when it will be determined if officials

of the Twenty-third street bobtail line other than Supt. Thomas H. McLean are equally responsible with him for the homicide.
Lively times are expected on this hearing, for the Coroner and the jury insist that the

Lively times are expected on this hearing, for the Coroner and the jury insist that the record of homicides and mainings which this corporation keeps as a sort of diary of its offenses against the people's rights must be produced in evidence.

The company gave evidence last week that it would resist all demands for this record, and somebody may be committed to the Tombs for contempt for refusing to allow the jury to see the "notch" which was cut to record the killing of Mrs. Levy.

Coroner Messemer is fully informed as to his powers, and knows that in the matter of compelling the production of evidence he is clothed with the same authority as a justice of the peace, and has the same power to punish for refusal to produce.

New witnesses, who have awakened to the important bearing which their testimony will have in removing from the city the bobtail car nuisance, will appear before the Coroner and give most damaging evidence against the corporation's officials.

Among the new witnesses is Mr. Cody, who will tearify that Driver Duffy was making the company of the company

Among the new witnesses is Mr. Cody, who will testify that Driver Duffy was making change when Mrs. Levy was run over, and several ex-drivers on this line of bobtails who will tell of the dangers which accompany the running of the Juggernaut cars.

Reinforcements are expected to the army of counsel already employed by the railway company, and these learned gentlemen will doubtless do all in their power to block the progress of the investigation.

As they have no right before the Coroner save the right to be present at the inquest, possessed in common with every citizen, these legal lights may find their guns spiked when they train them upon the handsome blond gentleman who sits upon the bench. Among the new witnesses is Mr. Cody.who

The Kalser Leaves the Fleet at Kiel.

Bealin, Aug. 8.-The Emperor William on leaving the fleet at Kiel, expressed his complete satisfaction with the manner in which officers and men had performed their duties during the voyage. This wastsignalled to the fleet, coupled with the Emperor's thanks.

The communication was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The Annexation of Massowah

Rome, Aug. 3 .- A semi-official denial is given to the report that the Sublime Porte had protested against the annexation of Mas. sowah by Italy. Dom Pedro's Restoration

gone on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Lourdes o offer thanks for the restoration of Dom Pedro's health. Chase Wins the Tennis Championship

IBY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.

Paris, Aug. 3.—The Empress of Brazil has

NEWCASTLE, N. H., Aug. 8. - Chase, the Western champion, and Campbell, the Columbia College crack, played off to-day in finals for the tenns championship. Chase won three games out of five.

THE REPUBLICAN OUTLOOK.

AMONG PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Marc Klaw, who has charge of Miss Fanny

Trite Bits of Theatrical News and Stage Small Talk.

Davenport's affairs, professes to marvel deeply at the reports which have come from San Francisco anent the actress's marriage to her plump leading man, Melbourne Mc-Dowell. "The first report a week or so ago declared that Miss Davenport had married Mr. McDowell, her divorce from Mr. Price having just been granted. Well, let me tell you something. Miss Davenport's divorce was granted on June 6, and not one of you newspaper men knew of it until six weeks later. She could have been married seven or eight weeks ago. I don't believe she is married," declared Mr. Klaw, solemnly. "I am in receipt of letters from her all the time and not a word does she say about McDowell. In her last letter she was rebelling against the stories that she had been unable to secure a divorce. I think she would have told me had she been remarried, though, to be sure, there is no clause in our contract stipulating that she should do so. We," laughing, "don't favor the marriage of our stars, you know, which is perfectly natural." Mr. Klaw had glowing accounts of Miss Davenport's financial success to give. Last night she played in Stockton, Cal.

Miss Fay Templeton has been engaged by Manager E. E. Rice to play the part of Gabriel in "Evangeline" and Conrad in "Conrad the Corsair." The two companies are to be amalgamated.

In the coming production of "Mathias Sandorf" at Niblo's there are to be two little children. Little Constance Wallace, who is only seven years old, has never yet been seen in this city, although it is said she has made quite a reputation in the West. The other child, Maude Thompson, twelve years old, appeared in "Hearts of Oak" a long time ago.

Ramsay Morris's legion of friends are anxiously looking for the appearance of his book, "Crucify Her." Mr. Morris says that the printers who have charge of the work are also bringing out Gen. Sheridan's book, and that the illness of that illustrious person has locked up the type and caused a delay. "Crucify Her," however, will be out very shortly. Miss Selina Fetter is said to be highly pleased with the part in the dramatization of the book which she is to play. It is said that she is financially interested in the enterprise.

Miss Effic Ellster, it is said, will probably shelve "The Keepsake" and keep "Judge Not" in her repertoire. Mr. Harvey's play is drawing very good audiences to the Madison Square Theatre.

"Broken Hearts," Gilbert's dainty little play, is to be given in the town of Hacken-sack, N. J., next Monday by Stephen Leach's company, with Charles Mortimer as the at-traction. "Broken Hearts" is rather a queer piece for the road, but—well, it is to be hoped that only hearts and not pocketbooks will be broken.

Tony Pastor is to open his season on the road at the Ocean Theatre, Long Branch, on Monday. In his company are Little Tich, Annie Oakley, Rice and Harton, Revene and Athas, the Sisters Twibell, Tom Costello and Willie Hylton and Richmond and Glenroy. . . .

William Gillette's first novel will be published in a few days. It is to be called "A Legal Wreck" and a few days after the appearance of the book, its dramatization will be seen at the Madison Square Theatre. The opening day for this attraction is to be Tuesday, Aug. 14, as there will be several openings on the preceding night. By the by, what a hideous fate is in store for New Yorkers if it is going to become customary for every play to appear first as a novel. Think of "Natural Gas" and "Town Lots" in cold type! Ye gods!

It is said that the new Twenty-third street theatre, on the site of the old Tabernacle, is to be ready by the first week in November, and that the Pittsburg glass-cloth-Monongahela-River-phenomenon-melodrama called "My Sister," is to be produced there. . . . The production of Mrs. Giddy Gusher Fiske's new play, "Philip Herne," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, promises to be ex-tremely interesting. Broadway loungers say

tremely interesting. Broadway loungers say that "Jo" Haworth will have to work very hard to "get away with" Jo Wheelock, Both men are earnest and excellent actors. Miss Pearl Eytinge is to produce her play, "Two Women," during the coming season. She is to try it first on the road very quietly, and then, if successful, launch out more boldly. William Fleron, a newspaper man, is to look after her interests.

A Tramp Asserts His Rights. James McKenna, a tramp, last evening knocked down Max Leome, of 40 East Broaday, who refused him three cents for beer, and then took the money by force.

He was arrested and in Essex Market Police Court to-day was held-for trial.

LODI, SAN JOAQUIN CO. 104. GENTLEMEN: We have just bought enother box of Dr. C. McLane's Celennature Lives Pills, which we find to be so excellent for keeping the system in order and overcoming size headable that we never use anything closs. I cheerfully testify to the merit of Dr. C. MCLARE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS,

FROM CALIFORNIA.

In case of sick headsche, biffensoess, torpid liver, dyspersia, contiveness, Dr. O. McLanz's Calebrated Liver, Pills never fail to give relief-for both seres and all ages. They are compounded with regard to even the most delicate constitutions. Sold by all druggists; price the constitutions, and the price of the constitutions. 25 cents. Prepared only by Fleming Bros. Pittsburg, Pa. Look out for an imitation made in St. Louis, which is often paimed oil on innocent purchasers as ours. In a st upon having only the genuine. The HANKS CO.

DENTISTS. Extracting, 25c.; with GAS, 50c. Ne charge for gas extracting when sots are to be made. Bees & 8 and \$10. Female attendant, Sunfays to 1, 203 Sixth Avenue, 2d Door below 14th Mt.

PEERLESS DYES ATT THE BEST AMUSEMENTS.

MANHATTAN BEACH. FIRE OF LONDON

PAIN'S GRAND PIREWORKS. EVERY EVEN'S EXCEPT SUNDAYS & MONDAYS WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES INCL. CASINO. EVERY EVENING AT 8.

AMERICA'S COOLEST AMUSEMENT RESCRET.
HUNDREDS TURNED A WAY FIGHTLY.
The Sparking Comic Oper.

NADJY

ROOF GARDEN CONGENT AFTER THE OPERAL
ADMISSION SOW. Including both estertainment.
AT SAINT (DEGREE STATEN INCAME.)

NERO:

Admission, 50 c.; children half price. States Island beats, Battery, fare 10a.

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COTHELLO.

Under the direction of STANISLAUG STANGE.

Othello, J. Gorton Emmons, Lago, Stanislaus Stanger,

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GETTYSBURG,
19th st. and 4th ave. M ADRON SQ. THEATRE, Last two week's of A. M. Palmer. Sole Manager KFFIR RILALER. Revery even at 5.5" Mathews featured at 3.5" Mathews featured at 3.5" Mathews featured at 3.5" EFFIR RILALER. In her new play by Frank Harvey, Eq., JUDGE NOT.

KOSTER & BIAUS CONCERT HALL JAMES OWEN O'CONOR, RICHARD PITROT, LIZZIE DALY, IMRO FOX. Wednesday-liquings - Saturday. WALLACK'S. PRINCE METHUSALEM WEEK.

EVENINGS AT S. SATURDAY MATINES AT 2. THEISS', THE THE MUNITER ORGANIZATION.

THERRACH GARDEN, STH. ST., NHAR SDAVE.
Amberg's Opera and Promogade Concerts.
To-night, by apocial in-process, Strange's Opera, too Bab
(Flederman). To-morrow, Grand Duchesse.

EDEN MUSEE. WHAT SHELVED

Del Lack & Western | Delaware & Hudson | East Tenn. Va. & Ga. | East Ens. & Ga. | East Ens. & Western | Lake Erie & Western | Lake Krie & Western | East Ens. & Galler | East Ens. & Western | East Ens. & Western | East Ens. & Galler | East Ens. & Galle ichigan Central inn. 2 St. Louis inneapolis 2 St. Louis pfd... Minneapolis & co.
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Missouri Pacific.
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Missouri, Ransas & St. L...
Castral. y A New England
Chie. & St. Louis.
Chie. & St. Louis 2d pfd.
West.

New York Markets.

WHEAT.—Market opened weak. December was quoted \$10.00 at 94\$10. Soon after the opening the price declined still further to 94\$10. but before noon recovered to the opening quotation. Despite the lower prices the market was pretty active.

COTTON.—Futures opened at unchanged prices. Aug. 10.91; Sept., 9.76; Oct., 9.80; Nov., 8.82; Dec., 9.52; Jan., 8.52; Feb., 9.66; March. 8.42; April., 91; May. 9.86; June. 9.86. March. 8.42; April., 91; May. 9.86; June. 9.80. Market firm. Liverpool futures quiet.

COUFME.—August opened unchanged to 5 points decline. Aug., 10.35; Sept., 9.90; Oct. and Nov. 9.55; Dec., 9.60; Jan., 8.69; June. 9.85. March and April. 9.75; May. 9.80; June. 9.85. March steady. Hamburg steady. Havre firm.

PETROLUM.—Fire Line certificates opened at 83%c., and advanced to 83%c. Subsequently the quotation declined to the opening price. Market duil. New York Markets.

THREE LIVES.



charms.

lfective relief the long, heavy lashes of silky ebon, and the glorious blue orbs that were like wells of translucent light. She was a flirt; everybody knew it, and yet every one wondered why it was that other people could think so; and her intoxicating popularity with men was proof positive of the abiding graciousness and strength of her

people began to say that her flirtation with Cleve Chester was over—after lasting a year, too—and she was making pretty fair headway with Leith Ross.

And it was true—she was making very fair headway; and before their acquaintance was a month old it had ripened into friendship, and, on Leith Ross's part, was budding rapidly into love—fierce, uncontrollable passion, that flung to the winds all hints generously given him that he was, in Genevieve's hands, only the amusing plaything so many men had been.

She knew she had run very nearly to the end of her tether, and one calm, silver-shone night he came to her with a hush in his voice and a fire in his eyes he could not veil.

He told her all that night—told her he loved her madly, consumingly, and besought her by all the sacredness of love itself to give herself to him, to assure him that goasip lied when it accused her of trifling with him; imploring her, with his face glorified with the intensity of his feelings, with the trustfulness of his eyes, to confess she loved him, and only him, as he loved her, only her.

And Genevieve?

She sat there, outwardly, like some exquisite statue, with her lovely head drooped,

her hands lying loosely on the book she had been reading, her dark lashes sweeping her marble-fair cheeks—while within torrents of excitement and agitation rushed through her veins like molten lava, as she realized that she had suddenly discovered it had been a fearfully desporate game she had played—as she realized, to the very full, the fact that through years of society and flirtation she had kept the treasure of her heart's wealth for one eager wooer, who sued only for his own.

own.

She thought over everything—she received his ardent caresses of her hands, felt his quick, fierce kisses on her forehead; and then she sprang up from her chair, smiling, flushing as a less guilty woman might have done, "Leith! I love you-I do love you [l' It was a very pretty picture that Genevieve Laidley made, that cold, sunshiny winter morning, standing just between the rose-damask curtains of the window that looked out into the avenue, the reflection of the pink silken linings making her satin-smooth face radiant with a warm, translucent glory.

And Cleve Chester, coming in from the

A gleam of suppressed fire shone almost redly in her eyes, but she parted her lovely red hips in a smile that brought into full play every perfect feature of her face.

"You will not do that, Cieve, because by

exquisite softness, yet conveying an impression of positiveness and strengthfulness.

Mr. Chester's lips suddenly compressed, and his face turned white.

"Genevieve, do you dare to tell me that?
Do you mean to say that you will break your

word and divorce yourself by means of those accuraed papers, procured by me that day you tried me almost to madness? Genevieye, you promised me, when I implored your pardon, your mercy, that if I would accept the punishment your own self devised—to remain, as I had so long, your unacknowledged husband, because you imagined your career on the boards would thereby be brighter—you promised everything should continue between us as usual. By heavens, Genevieve, you madden me now, to see you sitting there, smiling, calm!"

"You know perfectly, Cleve, that I consented to marry you simply and solely beword and divorce yourself by means of those

"You know perfectly, Cleve, that I con-sented to marry you simply and solely be-cause you had that all-important necessity for my 'career,' as you call it. You know you were rich, and I became your wife because you were rich. You know I never loved you, although you were good enough to fancy me. You know you are jealous of the attentions that I, as Miss Laidley, am bound to receive. You know you are exacting, and I—well, I never much cared for exacting people."

"By the eternal, Genevieve, you shall not play such a game with me! I am your hus-

toy and, because I perfectly adored you, I have been content. But from this hour Mrs. Cleve Chester shall acknowledge her mas-"All this is useless, Mr. Chester. You re-

member you signed the papers a year ago, in a frengy of passson, when you were rich and I poor. To-day when I am rich and have no further need of you, I signed them. We have been simply acquaintances from 9 clock this morning, when my lawyer left And changeable, impressionable as Gene-vieve Laidley was—false and treacherous as Satan's own angels—she never will forget that

hour when she sent Cleve Chester adrift, to drown his mad pain and agony of despair in a vortex of murderous dissipation that ruined him morally, mentally, physically.

Nor will she forget, in all the endless cycles Nor will she forget, in all the endless cycles of a world without end, the scathing agony that came to her own heart, not five minutes after Cleve Chester left her forever—when, through the satin hangings that fell like a roay banner between her boudoir and the reception-room. Leith Ross came, with his face stern and set, as if hewn from marble; his eyes flashing like swords in the sunlight, and a great, speechless, deathly agony on his

face that she would rather have seen dead in

face that she would rather have seen dead in its coffin than so.

"Leith, you have heard it all? You will pity me, you will forgive me, that I did it for your sake! I love you—I love you, my darling; so I did it!"

And then Leith Ross, without even a word, a look, a sign, turned away from her and left her, more infinitely despairing and desolate than her own victim, because her own sin was recoiling on her head, on her heart.

She never met him face to face after that. She had seen him, and knew of a dangerous brain fever that well-nigh ended all his heart-ache, from which he came up, as from a fire of purging, a noble man than ever before—a more patient man—for the awful scars he bore. But he never loved again—he never will—and he goes his way, wearing the death less mark of Genevieve Laidicy's sin.

And she?

God help her! Old, worn, faded; ical-ously ambitions to charm long after her powers to charm had been gone; full of bitter rage against younger wongen, who can do what she cannot—gather admirers and friends about them. Lonely, yet unsought, tred of life, yet fearing to die, what more tarrible fate, what more just reward could be here?